

CURRA CURRA!

RANDOM SHOTS AT BIG AND SMALL GAME BY W. P. McLOUGHLIN

HAVE'N'T GOT OVER IT YET. I refer to that hunderbump out between Harlem Tommy Murphy and Knockout Brown at the Madison Athletic Club in which my redheaded friend had it handed to him so easily and quickly by the little Dutchman of Avenue One. I see it now. Tommy, cool, seasoned, scored from the jolts of many battles. Knockout, alert as a panther, outstayed, a pocket edition of a Vulcanized Apollo, his blond hair bristling in his eagerness to slip it over on Tommy, who had humiliated him in the ring only a couple of weeks ago.

The bell taps. They step quickly to the centre. They make the motion of a handshake. Biff! Tommy is down. "One, two, three, four, five, six," drones the referee. Tommy jumps up. Biff! bang! bing! Tommy is down again. "One, two, three"—but the referee stops. What's the use of counting? Tommy tries with the gameness he has ever displayed to get to his feet, but the nerves are rattled, the muscles unresponsive and he lies there. He's out—flat as the top of a table.

His, gentle reader, happened in less than half a minute, although the experts generously estimated the occurrence as lasting forty seconds.

No two men at the ringside could tell just what blow or blows felled Tommy. It was too quick for the eye of even the most seasoned fan.

"How did you do it?" said I to the Stunt-Eyed One.

"Oh, I yooed whaled away. Damfino where I walloped him. 'Twas too quick," said the Knockout.

And, heebob, I believe him.

CROPEY, peace to his ashes, has been fled away in the catacombs, and the wheels go whirling around in the Police Department with a hum of harmony that has not been heard for this many a day. Waldo was in the saddle ten minutes when he began to throw into the discard the idiotic rules, regulations, proclamations, general orders and latest editions and got the force to set its mind on police work. Curious to relate, police work is expected from policemen even in New York, where the department has ever been the joy of politicians, both within and without, or subject to the eccentric whims of him temporarily in charge.

Waldo has had his own bitter experience of the whims that can be worked in the inside. Nine Gods Bingham rose him out as deputy by pulling of those same wires.

Wonder how Bingham feels now with his former competent deputy in full charge of the department from which the gallant general was bounced by Mayor McMeelin.

His transit gloria Mulberry, as we say in our set.

THREE BALLYHOO-VOICED peddlers invaded Yorkville at 5:30 yesterday morning. They had a rickety wagon with four wheels of different makes and sizes, a spavined, fiddle-backed, ring-stoned, ad-eyed, wheezy plug of a horse that should have long since found his happy way to Harlem Island. The wagon was laden with boxes of strawberries. The three peddlers beloveted their wares. With six-cylinder energy they yelled: "Strawberry-ri! Ten a qua-a-ri!"



They shouted in three sections. One would yell "Straw-w-w." Another would yell "Berry-ri-ri-ri." All three would join in chorus: "Qua-a-ri!" The climax was a volume of sound to which the noise made by the devil going through Athlone was a whisper.

They couldn't have made a worse racket if they were selling a bunch of Singer Buildings instead of a meagre collection of half-green strawberries. And how it raked with torture those in sickness who teemly moaned their agonizing protests. How the great American supernerved old persons were jarred and irked! How the ordinary, everyday, plain but spineless citizen gritted his teeth while the inferno lasted, but let it go at that because he is used to getting honk-noked, tooth-noked, rickety-noked and bin-banged from dawn to candletime every day of his miserable life.

THE GINK—Why should peddlers be allowed to yell their wares in the street? Why peddlers, anyhow, within the city, so thickly studded with fruit, vegetable, fish and every other kind of store operated by tax-paying, hard-working proprietors and their families?

THE GOON—Some housewives are too lazy to go out and buy the real goods. They'd rather do the marketing and haggling out of a window and let the old man when he comes home that they have bought the stuff in Tiffany's.

JOE MKONE, the Mayor of Staten Island, has a smuggled Panama hat that he is very anxious to spring on the natives of the Borough of Richmond. He writes me:

What is the proper date to begin wearing a straw hat?

There are scores of inquiries on the same important subject on my bird's nest desk. They come from as far west as Haven-a-Straw, Mercy, Judge! There is no definite open season for straw hats. This, you may have heard before, is a free country, and a man may wear a straw hat with a linen duster and tan shoes on Christmas Day if he wishes.

The straw hat season really begins in New York when the annual movement to depose Charles Murphy as boss of Tammany Hall is begun by some leaders of the Bronx or Staten Island. In fact, the straw hat season opens with the silly season—when the claims come in and the oysters take the 23.

WURRA WURRA: To decide a bet, will you please tell me why the fellows who are building the big municipal sewerage at Centre street and Park Row began the erection of the stone work on the seventh floor. Mullins, who is always ready for an argument and always wrong, says it's because the architect has gone daffy. I say it's because the builders are waiting for the stones for the lower stories to sprout in the quarries.

Who wins? Your structurally. FRANCIS XAVIER O'KELLY. Both wrong, Frank. Like everything that's new and fresh, a skyscraper must have time to settle. I often need time to settle, too. The settling process with a steel building is slow, and to expedite it the builders pile on the stone work from above so that when the ornamental lower section is started the building will be absolutely true. Get that trued?

WURRA WURRA: Is there an aerial of the Order of Eagles in Flushing?

No, James, there is not a lodge or aerial or whatsoever you call it of Eagles in that delightfully sylvan retreat. But there are swarms of Flamingo eagles. In Jersey they don't call 'em eagles. They ain't big enough.

MY DEAR WURRA WURRA: To decide a bet will you please answer the following:

If, in case of a double header being played in the afternoon McGraw is chased off the field during the progress of the first game can he return and take part in the second one?

A. Says he can't. B. Says he can. Thanking you in advance, I am, respectfully yours,

ALONZO DEBARCO. No can. Alonzo, if there is enough of him left.

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But the majority were right. Here is the solution. It is very simple—when one knows how.

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Sweeney is the candy child. He's first in front of Teddy. Around him his friends are piled. They run for him when ready. M. J. CONNOR, No. 196 Crotona avenue, Bronx.

There was a girl named Lilly, and she was very wise.

She saved the Sweeney Puzzle and won a two-dollar prize.

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Roosevelt tells it to Sweeney. Sweeney to him says naught—That's why the Ananias Club has never Sweeney caught.

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